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# Arrupe Insider

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## *EDITORIAL: THE INCARNATION OF GOD'S LOVE*

Out of love, God created us and engaged to love us forever as we are his foster sons and daughters. In order to fulfil his promise, he sent us his unique son, Jesus, who came as the Messiah that the world had awaited for several years. Through the Incarnation, Jesus, our Savior freely left his divine nature and embraced our human nature in order to perform his mission which was to implement God's love for us his people. In return, God wants us to love both him and our neighbors, especially the needy, in whom he dwells and through whom he manifests himself to us. Hence, we always strive to achieve and pass on God's love. As a matter of fact, in preparation for Christmas, Arrupe College community spent a couple of days reflecting on and contemplating the unconditional love of God and the requirements for us to respond to it. Fortunately, this edition bears witness that Arrupeans try their best, in one way or the other, to love one another, to transmit God's love both in words and in deeds. In fact, some Arrupeans, as the disciples of Christ, go out, meet and teach the people about the divine love through the Holy sacraments which help them understand and feel that God loves them regardless of the difficulties that plague them. The solidarity with the poor program is one of the best and pragmatic ways that Arrupe College and its supporters espoused to convey God's love to those in need. Besides, the experience of love was evinced in the way we celebrated the Christmas and New Year events at Arrupe College with friends and relatives. The various gifts and talents we are endowed with helped us to enhance our celebrations in thanksgiving to God for the success of the year 2016 and hope for a prosperous year 2017.

Furthermore, this edition relates other experiences that some Arrupeans underwent last month and their feelings and impressions about both Arrupe College and Zimbabwe in general, including the impact of Arrupe College formation on them. Dear esteemed readers, all these experiences can definitely perforate and transform your own experiences for the better. Would you miss this advantage?

Finally, the Editorial team of Arrupe Insider uses this opportunity to wish a very happy birthday to those who are celebrating their birthdays this month. We also wish you all Arrupeans the best for the upcoming semester and a fruitful year 2017.

**Emmanuel Ndorimana, SJ.**



## Staff Apostolates: A Ministry geared towards the Lifting of Hearts and having a life



The other day when some of us were discussing searching for a future librarian for the day when Eddie Murphy finally gets old, Eddie made a statement which struck me. He said that we should try to find someone who apart from loving books could have some outside interests, like teaching, or writing or pastoral work, so he wouldn't become a prisoner in the library. As Eddie put it "He should have a life."

Reflecting on that statement, I saw that what Eddie said about a future librarian was actually true for all of our staff here at Arrupe. We all

need to "have a life" apart from the jobs that we do. I guess that's why so many of us priest/staff go out for Mass calls on Sundays. It opens us up to a wider world. Some of our celebrations are with children, orphans, the hearing impaired. And some are with your ordinary parishioners at Masses like the 7:00am at Our Lady of the Wayside. Many of us, of course, are limited in our possibilities because we don't have Shona or sign language, and many of us are not particularly skilled in dealing with little kids. But these "apostolates" are still very important for us for several reasons.

All of us Jesuit staff are called to be formators of future Jesuit priests and brothers. The Jesuit mission is to be on the road, and how can we teach others this essential part of our vocation and stay at home all the time ourselves? Although we don't travel very far outside our communities, the Masses get us into another world.

Probably the greatest reason why we go out for Masses is that it gets us involved in other peoples' lives. Stemming from these apostolates, most of us have had requests for baptisms, funerals, anniversary Masses or sick calls. These often provide invitations into peoples' homes, their families and their lives. These are entries into families who are in the real world. Our Arrupe world is most enjoyable, but we can be cut off from the struggles of the ordinary people out there. Coming cheek by jowel with people who are struggling or suffering, rejoicing or celebrating, keeps us inserted in the ebb and flow of the human condition, and provides so much food for prayer.

Last of all, for me the Masses which I celebrate

are a source of tremendous joy. I can't imagine a greater source of consolation than what bubbles up from preaching to and breaking bread with so many different ages and types of people. The American bishops once defined the purpose of preaching not as exegesis, catechetics or even moral instruction. The purpose of preaching is to prepare people to "lift up their hearts." One of the high points of each liturgy for me is to give the instruction "lift up your hearts." And what joy it is to hear a thunderous response "We lift them up to the Lord." What a life, being able to experience lifted hearts each Sunday.

Fr. Jerry Aman, SJ.

## THE BEAUTY OF INCULTURATION



The Constitution of the Society of Jesus speaks about an important element in our Jesuit Formation: inculturation. It is a tool which is required in our missionary service, in our apostolates and the social communication service in the current world. The focus of the Society is to spread the Good News of the Kingdom. As a young Jesuit who is still learning a lot about the Society of Jesus, I have come to appreciate the idea of

inculturation and to internalize it in my daily life activities. Being open to other cultures, I gain a lot of experiences from the brothers from almost all over Africa, with whom I live, and most especially, here in Zimbabwe.

In my first six months at Arrupe College and in Zimbabwe, I found myself falling in love with this new culture where Africanism can be strongly felt. The commitments of people in keeping their own faith, whether they are Catholics or members of other Christian denominations, has created within me a deep impression of how people love the Church. Here, people are freer in their way of worship and the main factor might be Christian

domination which is in contrast to where I come from.

In Sudan where I come from, Christians are a minority and the government puts a lot of pressure on them. For instance during big feasts like Christmas and Easter, there are no public holidays. This is unlike the Muslim feasts including *Eid Al-Fitr* which is celebrated after Ramadan and *Eid Al-Adha* which is called 'the Sacrifice Feast', whereby the government declares national holidays which can last for weeks. Frankly speaking, there is a lot of fear, among Christians in Sudan and this fear has created a big gap and an absence of joy during the celebrations of their feasts. One can hear along the streets such statements like '*Eid Al-Kofar bukura*' which is an Arabic

expression that means 'the feast of pagans is tomorrow'. During Christmas and Easter celebrations, Christians gather for prayers and afterwards they scatter, everybody goes to his or her business. It is hard to find a family that comes together and have time with one another during such feasts.

Other celebrations like the New Year are given unimaginable attention by the Muslim youngsters. One can see them in their uncountable numbers, full of joy and laughter, even though the extremists and the conservative Muslims try their best to lobby against it - they regard the New Year celebrations as something Western, and that should be given no attention at all. With regard to my experience, the New Year celebrations is the only festivity that brings the majority of Sudanese together. Perhaps it might be something which is neutral that does not have anything to do with faith or any other religious aspect, at least in Sudan.

I do appreciate the joyful and magnificent Eucharistic

celebration that we held in our Chapel of the Holy Name here at Arrupe College, as a way of saying bye-bye to 2016 and of saying *karibu sana* ('highly welcome') to 2017. One could hear the many nationalities saying 'yes' with one voice to the new year, with a lot of enthusiasm. It was an event that cannot be easily described. The spirit of inculturation is what brings people together to celebrate for the greater glory of God. The spirit that leads people to concentrate on what unites them rather than what divides them.

Since I arrived in Zimbabwe, I have had a new and enriching experience in living among people who are faithful to their obligations towards the Holy Mother Church. I feel more Christian when I am out of Sudan, which is a very sad experience, I should say, and when I go back I will feel that I am in a different place. Here, I have got enough time to pray, to relax and to have a nice chat with my friends within Arrupe College and among externs, and I have also had a wonderful opportunity to celebrate

Christmas.

An aspect of Zimbabwe that I treasure most is the peacefulness amongst its people. Zimbabweans are the kind of people that are easy to interact and dialogue with. As I continue to stay in Zimbabwe, I do believe that there is a lot that I am learning, and that I have yet to learn much more. I find in Arrupe College a beautiful place that welcomes everybody. The most beautiful part of it is the Eucharistic celebration on Wednesdays when people come from outside to share the joy of the universal brotherhood and sisterhood in the person of Christ our Redeemer and Saviour. I am quite certain that all that I have learned, and all that has transformed my innermost being is something that is going to transform the life of the many people whom I will encounter throughout my life as a missionary and a member of the Society of Jesus. Last but not least, I wish everybody a fruitful New Year.

**Nahumosman Nahum, SJ.**

## *When I grow up...*

**M**y reminiscence and arrogance of childhood will challenge my so-called, "settled thoughts", and change them into the advanced ones. I remember one day when I looked at the unimaginable images in the horizon, I was confronted with many questions. Questions

about the obvious origin of all Creation. Abruptly, I made a conclusion saying that my dad was the one who made everything. This was reasonable as I perceived it because my dad was the most powerful man within my nuclear family. It was indubitably my times of childhood. The childhood that without realizing it, opens

the heart of each one and integrates every soul in a human society. That childhood which has a good number of lifeguards and helps to unite notably, the ignorant souls-sisters or souls-brothers! Childhood which serves as a support in the research of discovering so much, and especially in the Supreme one: the exploration of the truth of the Eternal Absolute. Shortly, I heard a voice calling within me saying: *small boy, why those questions?* From then, I realised that there is someone else inside.

Unfortunately, I did not allow the voice to continue crying within me. Sombrely, I started choking any idea which could come from it simply by questioning things within. Many questions hallucinated fully my inner-being. I was asking myself if I could find which one, among all things, knows the most intimate things of I, except I and my own spirit which is within me and animates me from morning to evening. None knows my secrets except me and my inner-spirit. None can reach the knowledge of what I think, unless myself. My hidden thoughts and actions belong obviously to me alone. Therefore, the witness of my own thoughts and actions is I and my own spirit. Yet, on this account, I was looking for discovery of my otherness. I got angry and made a decisive attitude of risking everything in order to find out what was the inner-voice that considered me as a voiceless. After some time, I understood that once my risks



succeed, I will be able to find out who and what I am. To my surprise, my risks failed and I realised how much I am nothing and have nothing in any case. After failure, I found myself as a nothing for nothing...

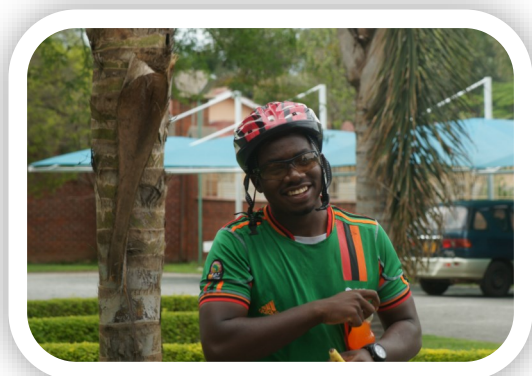
As time went by, I thought that my otherness and altruism originated from my faculty of thought and senses for the feelings of the gaps of my own greater needs. Through self-

reflection, I acknowledge that I was not born to be myself. Upset, I realised how it was time to leave and abandon everything that engulfed me within a world of illusion, dead-dreams, panic... though, I did not leave this kind of world. What is going on within me now? Sometimes, I see a slight-light that somehow shows me my full-

being. I think there was another Being which, formerly and without deferment, animated my body, soul, and spirit. It is obvious that I lived my inner-fortune and it was I who lived. I was a toddler, and yet, I was one size of, by and for my mind. Currently, my developed mind finds itself in the confrontation of many concise but irrational thoughts. The voice of my interior is already scratched despite my so-called mature thoughts; and paradoxically, I am still running behind many concepts, perceptions, beliefs... that have no foundations. Why? Because I do not know who and what I am. When I truly grow up, I will reject that arrogance...

*NSABIMANA Jean Claude, SJ*

## TOUR DE HARARE



It was only a rumor when it began, that men of faith wanted to put their bodies to the test before they rest. It started as a joke, but now, every nerve around Arrupe College was alert to this barbarian task that only a few had dared to undertake. After three weeks of planning and

arrangements, the hour had finally come. Those crazy enough stepped into the challenge, the wise stayed home. 14 men and 1 woman stepped up to the challenge. They were willing to try than to die wishing they did. Among the squad included a Red Cross car, a photographer with the eyes of the



digital world to capture every moment as it unfolded and finally an expert in first aid. Before the whistle could blow with the wind, we waved our flags with our smiles. Smiles from Burkina Faso, Kenya, Uganda, Nigeria, Togo, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Zambia and Zimbabwe. Indeed, Zimbabwe was brave, a lady came to the rescue for the men went sleeping.

As faithful Christians, one of us, Kemboi Silas, offered a short prayer to set us off. In our hearts, we knew we were the greatest and we would do our best. We knew we would be heroes even though we weren't there to take the gold, we would make and break records as we felt the fire burn down our chests, we knew we would raise our hands up because we were going to beat the clock. Yes, we would move mountains and break rocks and we did it for our countries and for our names, because we knew at the end of that day, that we would stand in the hall of fame.

We rode from Link road then off into Wycombe. Wycombe road took us into The Chase road which led us to College road then Trovetville

road which finally saw us onto Borrowdale road. Borrowdale road was about 13 kilometers leading unto Domboshava road, the road that led

us to the finish line 20 kilometers onwards. As we cycled we found ourselves in three groups according to pace and endurance. The dare devils, Reagan

and Ayele, both having cycled in 100 kilometers competitions before entering the Society of Jesus in the front, and the endurance junkies came right behind. The country side gave us a beautiful view as we toured Harare. The mountains did not spare anyone, it was cool, cloudy and a slightly windy day due to the season but however, sweat dropped as if we were broken taps. The police waited faithfully at the designated check points and waved us good luck as we carried on. As we cycled through the townships we left people aghast, they cheered for us and waved. It made us carry on.

Finally, after nearly an hour and half, we reached our turning point. We quickly unmounted from the bikes and waited for all to set in. We were a team after all. We stopped to catch some breath after 30 kilometers of nonstop action. Then, there came the return trip. It was all out endurance this time. Lactic acid had began to set in. The odds had been on our sides but how much more was left?

We rode back with stamina. The mountains did

not subside but appeared to have been adjusted further upwards to punish us further. I started thinking to myself how the veteran Kizito would have fared if he was on this course. The toll was real as the distance between cyclers started to grow bigger. Others suffered tyre punctures and had to stop for a repair. For others, it was muscle pulls, but, carry on we did. At the mark of 2 hours 55 mins the first cyclist



pulled in with a Zambian flag. 60.22 kilometers of road and mountains had been defied. The rest of the entourage came in patches with the lady of Zimbabwe coming in 6<sup>th</sup>. We all made it to the finish line that day and we were champions. Indeed we were champions. Tour de Harare, simply ambitious.

**Chengamali Reagan, SJ.**

## Freedom for Formation



I miss the novitiate but it is necessary I move on in my vocation. The regimented way of the novitiate was to prepare me for the challenges I will face during the course of my formation. In the novitiate my novice master was always guiding and protecting me. In

the novitiate, I could not make decisions myself, and ever under the watchful eyes of my novice master. There is regimented time for prayers, for meal, regular spiritual direction and even sport. There are times in the novitiate that I didn't feel like doing anything but I just had to do these things because it was on schedule. In the novitiate my freedom was limited. I could not go out of the compound without the permission of the novice master. The novitiate can be compared to the way a mother hen covers and protects its

chicks while grooming them. Six months of experience at Arrupe college is enough time for a comparison. Life, here at Arrupe College, is completely different when compared to life in the novitiate, although some similarities still abound. Coming to Arrupe, I began to enjoy some degree of freedom and personal responsibility. I began taking some decisions myself. Here at Arrupe, I began to understand all my novice master taught me. As I compare my experience in the novitiate with what I have observed in my life as a Jesuit scholastic, I am beginning to understand

the importance of discernment. I realized it is my sole responsibility to learn how to manage freedom, because it can, at times, be abused. My experience of freedom here at Arrupe College, has made me realize the importance of regular spiritual direction. Here, I am exposed to so many things which I was not exposed to while I was a novice. It is my responsibility to strike a balance in my life, and try to

avoid all forms of extremism. It is my responsibility to grow spiritually through fervent prayers. Here at Arrupe, I find that I have so much time after my classes, so it is solely on me to manage my time. Living in the same small community with nine men from different countries makes me understand the cultural diversity inherent in Africa. The celebration of fraternity in the Lord, like the celebration of

Christmas and the New Year with companions, neighbors and friends made me feel more at home at Arrupe College, in the Society of Jesus and in the entire Church. Life here in Zimbabwe has been good for me, the weather very friendly to my health, and I earnestly pray it continues this way, as I continue to open up to formation.

**Emmanuel Etim, SJ.**

## Preparing the Heart for Christmas



**G**rowing up as a kid in Nigeria, one essential aspect of the yuletide season is the purchase of new clothes and shoes for kids by parents. This takes precedence over everything else and only when this 'obligation' is fulfilled do we really feel that Christmas is here and it is worth celebrating. The season of Christmas is often characterised by a lot of

activities which include shopping, travels, and parties. Since the novitiate, however, I have embraced another dimension for the preparation - the triduum, which helps to dispose me spiritually for this great celebration.

Following the briefing on the evening of Friday 17 December 2016 by the Spiritual Father, Roland von Nidda, S.J, the Christmas triduum began properly on Saturday 18 December 2016. We were privileged to have an experienced director, Marist Brother James Langlois, FMS who drew from his wealth of many years of experience as a provincial and novice master to accompany us as we prepare to celebrate the central mystery of our faith. After almost a week of rest from the stress of

academic work, I guess most scholastics were ready and eager to begin the triduum as the Spiritual Father noted.

Our reflections on the first day of the triduum began with a focus on God's love for us and some of the barriers that block us from God's infinite love. It was important to become aware of this great gift which we often take for granted because it is the underlining foundation of our faith. It is out of love that God chose to share in our humanity through the mystery of the Incarnation so that we can partake in his divinity. Realising that God loves me just as I am, and not on condition that I change, challenges me then to accept and tolerate others too as they are. It defines my relationship with others and with God my



creator. It opens my eyes to see how active God has been in the concrete reality of my everyday life: in my struggles and successes, in my joyful and sad moments, in the little and the great events of my life.

Becoming aware of God's love helps us to have an honest look at those habits, behaviours and patterns of life that separate us from God's love. These are often aspects of our life that we are reluctant to assess and admit but which govern us and make us unfree both with God and with our neighbours. In guiding us to reflect on our inordinate attachments, Br. James suggested that we also look at some aspects of our modern and African cultures that nourish these attachments. Modernity, with all its scientific and technological advancements, may lead to excessive focus on one's needs, comfort and interests. It may lead us to lay emphasis on those things which are practical while neglecting those values that help create a good life. It may also lead us to undisciplined restlessness which distracts us from God's presence and makes it difficult for us to find time to be with God in prayer. Also, in our various African cultures, excessive focus on family ties, crave for material things and ethnic sentiments may be sources of our inordinate attachments. Reflecting on these aspects of our cultures

was quite challenging for me as I realised how some of my priorities serve to nourish my inordinate desires albeit in a very subtle way.

Reflecting on our inordinate attachments, however, is not supposed to plunge us into despair and self-pity but to help us to realise that God is always present to us even when we are not always present to him. It is supposed to help us appreciate why He chose to share in our humanity through his incarnation so that we too can share in his divinity. This realisation leads us to seek a deeper loving relationship with God in prayer where we focus not on ourselves and needs but on God and letting him love us as we are. In such a relationship, we also apply the triple components of attraction, mutual affection and commitment which define our relationship with others: realising that God loves me moves me to generosity and to give more time to God. As I spend more time in prayer with God, my affection for God grows and I freely share my life and challenges with Him. My attraction and affection for God strengthen my commitment to serve him.

Like a master craftsman, Br. James stirred us into reflecting on our lives, our relationship with God and with others. He used concrete examples, his life experiences

and references to renowned authors and spiritual gurus to drive home his points. Though not a Jesuit, his knowledge and understanding of the Spiritual Exercises challenged some of us to go back to the basis of our spirituality. The 'assignments' which he gave at the end of each talk had no deadline for submission but they were vital tools that helped us to dig deeper as we sought to build stronger relationships with God. Indeed, God is not done with us yet and he continues to invite us to come back to him each day of our lives.

The opportunity to go back to God through the sacrament of reconciliation was also very useful to kick start a new beginning. As the triduum came to an end, I was filled with gratitude to God for using Br. James to talk to us during this period. The words of prayers and appreciation expressed by other scholastics during the Mass left me in no doubt that I was not alone in this feeling of gratitude.

As we renewed our vows before God at Mass, I felt a stronger resolve to love others and, in the words of St. Pope John Paul II, to go before the Lord and let him love me. I hope that the experience of this triduum will make me a better person in the service of God and my neighbours.

**Lotanna Obiezu, SJ.**

## Arrupe College at the Service of Hope

At the beginning of the first semester of the academic year 2016 – 2017, Arrupe College undertook a life changing project at Christonbank, spearheaded by the Solidarity with the Poor Committee. The needs among the poor whom some members of the committee visited seemed impossible to meet initially. However, their missionary zeal could not let them give up on this noble cause, to help the needy. Funds were suddenly sourced from different generous and supportive stakeholders that include eight small Jesuit communities, families and friends of the Jesuits at Arrupe College. My experience of the project at Christonbank has enriched me with many insights in my life as a Jesuit in formation.

According to St. James in his epistle, 'religion that is pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit orphans and widows in their affliction...' (1:27). The apostolate at Christonbank gives me a huge opportunity to spend time with the people in desperation. The people are very free to share their miserable life experiences and expose their poverty. For instance, one day my colleagues and I squeezed ourselves into the derelict shacks of some of

our poor friends and witnessed the affliction that they are experiencing each day and night of their lives. Most of them are ex-farm workers who have become victims of the Land Reform Programme that was launched by the Zimbabwean government in the year 2000.



Many of the poor ex-farm workers and their sizable families live illegally on the margins of the commercial farms and plots. A number of them are suffering from malnutrition, and other poor sanitation related illnesses.

Most of the poor people at Christonbank, especially single parents and orphans, have lost hope in their lives since their former employers were evicted from the farmlands. The people have nothing to live for as the deteriorating and harsh economic conditions in Zimbabwe continue to pose more hardships in their lives. Our dear, poor brethren at Christonbank have been on the receiving end of the political and economic crises in the country for more than a decade. Fortunately, the people have arable small pieces of land left

behind by the new absentee farm owners. However, the economic situation fails them as they cannot afford to buy farming inputs. The black market offers the inputs at exorbitant mark-ups that the poor, unemployed ex-farm workers cannot afford. Death is the only possible and meaningful means of salvation from this predicament that most of the ex-farm workers I listened to have anticipated for a long time. I always find it very distressful to learn that there are people around us who have turned to death as the only worthy solution to their lives' hardships!

The intervention of Arrupe College community in partnership with Our Lady of the Wayside parish SSVP Association has greatly reinvigorated the spirits of the wretched people at Christonbank. The people embraced fondly the farming inputs we gave them. They reflected the brilliant radiance that had long shone on their faces. Everyone smiled and squeezed us around their arms severely with an unusual affection. What a joyful day! I thought to myself. Our aid managed to resurface the Christ that was hidden deep inside the hearts of those poor people, the Christ of joy. In his article, "Investing the New Face of the

Poor with Centrality and Authority,” F. Javier Vitoria reiterates that ‘we are called to find Christ in the poor, to lend our voice to their causes, but also to be their friends, to listen to them, to speak for them and to embrace the mysterious wisdom which God wishes to share with us through them’. Thus, my apostolate at Christonbank gives me an opportunity to exercise and experience one of my God willed responsibilities as a religious. This apostolate inspires me as I continue to discover more about my vocation and what Christ is calling me to do through his people.

Furthermore, the spirit of *Magis* has been driving me in my work with the poor. My experience at Christonbank has instilled in me a deep-seated desire to listen more to people, not only to their words, but also *listening into their lives*. In most cases, I find myself getting in the shoes of the people we are assisting. I look at things from their perspective and experience how difficult and impossible life is for them. This experience continues to enkindle in me a

burning desire to do something more for these people in order to transform their lives for the better. How can I do that without enough material resources and well-wishers around Arrupe College?

As St. Ignatius Loyola categorically states, ‘act as if everything depended on you, knowing that in reality everything depends on God.’ In his article, “Lucidity, Compassion, and Utopia: Spiritual Competences for a Changing World,” José Laguna corroborates Ignatius’ view as he claims:

Spiritual competency consists in working to bring reality closer to the Divine dream for humanity, the Kingdom of God (Luke 6: 20-26). This competency lies between transformative activity and grateful passivity caught in a tension.

It is everyone’s vocation to work to bring the Kingdom of Heaven in our world today. Most of the poor that we are serving at Christonbank are victims of

structural injustice perpetrated by those who purportedly stand to promote the well-being of all citizens in the country. The Kingdom of God is a kingdom of love and justice. I am always delighted to learn that my college and I are already in action towards fighting against this human inflicted poverty. The farming inputs and clothing materials we gave to the poor at Christonbank will definitely bring some light in their lives as they can feed, shelter and clothe themselves better and, hence, strive for higher human needs.

To conclude, the Solidarity with the Poor Committee at Arrupe College continues to strive for the betterment of the lives of many poor people around us. We bought the basic farming inputs and gave to the poor at Christonbank, we have in stock at college some Ammonium Nitrate fertilizers awaiting distribution sometime in February 2017. We are stewards of God’s resources on earth, let us continue to discern better ways of exercising our stewardship!

Hebert Shoko, SJ.

## “Again Am Called”: On My Return



Poetry has always had a special charm for me. About ten years ago I brought a friend of mine, Michael, to write a poem and he came up with an attractively simple one titled “Again am Called”. The first stanza speaks of some prickling trails, strictures that hampered his “call”:

“Many barbed wire barricades  
Prickling in my trail providing narrow  
escapades  
My future seemed at stake  
But again am called  
To advance at *universitas*”

I remembered “Again am Called” on my first journey to Arrupe College, fresh from Novitiate. I had been about four years away from the classroom – though not so much away from academia – and I feared the prickling trails were ahead of me. Philosophy, however, treated me well. Doing *the philosophy at Arrupe*, even more so. So somehow, there were far less prickling trails than I had anticipated with Michael’s poem. Rather, there were more delightful trails. I came to identify with only the title of the poem, “Again am Called” and some other line further down the poem that says “Again am called to further my spiritual, academic and social ethos...”

I recently felt the poem ring again in me: “Again am Called”. This was last month, December, when my Provincial missioned me to come again to Arrupe for my Regency. Arrupe is my alma mater and there are a few things in life than coming back to your alma mater.

Before my arrival on 12 December, 2016, I was in Lusaka, Zambia to apply my efforts to farming. It was a short stint of two months upon completing my MA History of Philosophy at King’s College, London. The shifts between philosophy studies and farming and then teaching at Arrupe were/are difficult and yet moulding. I notice – yet with great hope – that they help mould me into the flexible Jesuit required for missions in future.

On re-entry, Arrupe feels both different and same. A lot has been renewed: faces, shape, glamour and warmth of the small communities, singing, traditions etc., yet a lot has also been kept that’s proved helpful. This allows me to feel

like I am simply extending the stay I began before yet feel at the same time that there is a lot of newness the Arrupe experience has to offer.

The semester opens to a lot of possibilities. I look forward to interacting with those who like me want to drink the cup of wisdom from the “lovers of wisdom” history celebrates. I have numerous intellectual interests: I discovered poetry and literatures as charming at an early age; I burst unto post-secondary education with a heavy interest in physics, but studied engineering; I fell in love with philosophy but it led, and still leads, me to the door of theology especially the way these two are fused in late antiquity. I have special interests in “the divine Plato” (as the Neoplatonists reverentially called him) and “the master of those who know” (as Dante Alighieri called Aristotle). I can literally spend hours discussing these figures or issues with anyone.

I used to be sportier than I am now: I enjoyed (long distance) cycling, football and going jogging in the mornings. It’s another aspect I feel “Again am Called” especially seeing how renewed sporting facilities are at Arrupe just now. I have heard calls from companions already beckoning me to join.

Michael wrote “Again am called to make bold my ethos”. In my case it’s happening in the context of this illustrious Arrupe College. I thank you all for the warm welcome.

**Mayamiko Kachipapa, SJ.**

## The in-between time

One more year flows in the human history  
Swept away by the last waves of solar rays.  
The aster of the sky engulfed by the wombs of the earth  
Buries there a past of joy and pain colours.

On the horizon already blooms the hope of a charismatic world;  
In the hearts burn the warmest wishes of a paradise life,  
Where the spirit of the age will sing the *vacuum* of demonic works  
So that on the faces shine the messianic beatitudes.

From the earth rises to the heavens the symphony of voices rocking the *Tatum ergo*.  
On their echoes rhythms the blessed Waltz of angels and saints,  
While from heaven falls down the rain of graces which fertilizes the uncertain future,  
To give time to Adam's sons for rebirth with the man-God in his cradle.

Soon, one more year in our lives irrigated by the breath of the Holy Spirit,  
What can we say if not thanks to God who blesses us in Christ.  
Soon, one more step in our solemn procession to eternity,  
What can we do if not to live a vocation purified from any quest of vanity.

For to contemplate our consecration to Christ and his promises,  
Only silence of worship is great; everything else is weakness.  
So poor yet are the words to express such a mystery,  
May the incense of *mea-culpa* sacrifice them on the altar of the King of the universe.

So that rises with the new dawn, dear friends in the Lord,  
The sun of the divine love which revives the hearts of happiness,  
And give us to find in the cortege of blessings of the new year,  
The crown of graces which gives to our consecrated souls an aura of holiness.



A very happy new year 2017! Our best wishes!

**Sawadogo Denis, SJ.**

## Dans l'entre-deux temps

Encore une année qui s'écoule dans l'histoire humaine,  
Emportée par les dernières vagues des rayons solaires.  
L'astre du ciel englouti par les entrailles de la terre,  
Y ensevelit un passé aux couleurs de joies et de peines.

A l'horizon fleurit déjà l'espérance d'un monde charismatique.  
Dans les cœurs brûlent les vœux ardents d'une vie paradisiaque,  
Où l'air du temps chantera le néant des œuvres démoniaques  
Pour que rayonnent sur les visages les béatitudes messianiques.

De la terre monte vers Dieu la symphonie des voix berçant le *Tatum ergo*.  
A leurs échos rythme la valse bienheureuse des anges et des saints,  
Tandis que du ciel tombe la pluie de grâces qui féconde l'avenir incertain  
Pour donner aux fils d'Adam de renaître avec l'homme-Dieu dans son berceau.

Bientôt une année de plus dans nos vies irriguées par le souffle de l'Esprit  
Que dire sinon merci à celui qui dans le Christ nous bénit !  
Bientôt un pas de plus dans notre procession solennelle vers l'éternité  
Que faire, sinon vivre une vocation épurée de toute quête de vanité !

Car à contempler notre consécration à Jésus et ses promesses  
Seul le silence d'adoration est grand tout le reste est faiblesse  
Mais si pauvres que soient les mots pour traduire un tel mystère  
Puisse l'encens des *mea-culpa* les sanctifier sur l'autel du Roi de l'univers.

Pour que s'éveillent avec l'aube nouvelle, chers amis dans le Seigneur  
Le soleil de l'amour divin qui ravive les cœurs de bonheur  
Et nous donner de trouver dans le cortège de bénédictions de cette année  
La couronne de grâces qui auréole nos âmes consacrées de sainteté.

Bonne et heureuse année 2017 ! Mes vœux les meilleurs !

**Sawadogo Denis, SJ.**

## On the way to Bethlehem

The evening of the 24<sup>th</sup> December of every year leads us to the dawn of the anniversary of the nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the opportunity to recall and join the Magi and shepherds on their way to Bethlehem to meet the King of kings who had just been born. Indeed, all over the world, those who recognize Christ as the Messiah organize and celebrate this ritual in a special way. Arrupe College always joins the whole world in responding to this invitation. However; this year, Arrupe college community had organized this trip to Bethlehem in a very special way. Although different from that of the Magi and the shepherd, the trip ideally begins from and ends in the chapel, or at most around it. As a matter of fact, the decoration made in the chapel could tell anyone just from the main gate of Arrupe College that there was something special occurring in the chapel that night. The shining altar, sacred objects and the crèche hosting a manger in which lay the child Jesus evidenced that we had already started the period of Christmas.

Two main events marked that evening: First, the Christmas carols performed by Arrupe college choir. This contained various songs including those which aimed at inviting all the nations to go and adore the new-born king, to praise the Virgin Mary through whom the world received the Saviour Jesus-Christ, and those witnessing that even animals, in their way, praised the Lord Almighty

and the Creator of all things. Some songs also were dedicated to addressing thanksgiving to God and best wishes to each one of those present. Secondly, the Holy Mass of Christmas vigil followed immediately after carols. This was an occasion for us to offer our gifts to the new-born King. A great number of faithful; that is, Arrupeans, neighbours and friends of Arrupe College attended both the Christmas carols and the vigil Mass. Indeed, the chapel was so full that others sat outside as one could witness from the main entrance.



The Holy Mass was celebrated by Fr. Gilbert Mardai, SJ. and concelebrated by Fr. Evaristus Ekwueme, SJ. It held the diversity of practices including the liturgy of

the Word of the Lord and the offerings proper to the event. As for us, we were really urged to listen and pay attention to the herald's words calling us to meet the new-born King in the manger. In fact, that was an invitation to receive

him in our hearts and let him transform us. In response, everyone got the opportunity to present his or her gift to the Lord in his or her own way. After the final blessing marking the end of the ceremony of the Holy

Mass, we all descended to the dining hall where we shared what the Arrupe college community had prepared for us to enhance the celebration of the day. Hopefully, the new-born King was born in our hearts and will transform our live and make it a worthy dwelling place.

**Jean-Mary-Vianey Kezanutima, SJ.**



# Christmas, God with Us and Us for Each Other

The joy of Christmas resonated in the good will of some companions who convened to put their hands together and prepare the Christmas banquet in order to Jesuit in Arrupe College celebrate the birth of the child Jesus to dwell in our hearts. You had to pop in the college kitchen to see how of people spiced this day with tremendous creativity; giving it a unique own kind.



make every who comes the diversity taste of its

God was really with could see it in the of companions who each one they meet illuminated with the peace which filled their hearts. The mass at mid-day gave its participants a bonus of the joy of Christmas season. Companions came from mass with faces transfigured by the joy of togetherness.

us. You serene mood could greet with a smile overflowing



In communion, we shared the Christmas banquet, fruit of the love and service of our companions. In and through our delicious meal, we shared more than food, but, more so, what it means to be together as brothers in the Lord. One could feel the filled presence of the other, giving each one of us the appreciation of what it means to be together as a family on Christmas day.

We may not have received the gift of gold, frank incense and myrrh from the wise kings like the baby Jesus did. However, we enjoyed the gift of celebrating together what we all cherish the most. In that, each one received the ever memorable gift of having someone with whom to celebrate Christmas, God with us and us for each other.




**Niyibizi Olivier, SJ.**





# *Birthdays and Anniversaries*



Bikoriman Felix	1 January
Jerry Aman	3 January
Murungu Marvelous Tawanda	4 January
Garikayi Tafadzwa Prosper	13 January
Ong'aria Tobias Dindi	16 January
Alyster Nahum Osman	20 January
Tassi Noubissie Yves Clandel Audent	20 January
Mutemachani Cashios	23 January
Djabaku Thomas D'Aquin	28 January
Kizito Kiyimba	31 January

Image from [www.dreamstime.com](http://www.dreamstime.com)

*Happy Birthday dear Brothers*

The ARRUIPE INSIDER team would like to thank all those who contributed articles for this edition and invites more contributions from all members of Arrupe College for the upcoming edition.

The articles may include:

POEMS, JOKES, GOSSIP, HUMOUR AND CARTOONS

APOSTOLATE, SPIRITUAL AND ACADEMIC EXPERIENCES

CLUBS' PROGRESS REPORTS AND ACTIVITIES

MOTIVATIONAL STORIES AND PUZZLES

CURRENT COLLEGE NEWS, EVENTS, CONCERNS AND

VIEWS

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